CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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Original.

THE FATAL GIFT.

A detached Chapter from a MS. Tale.

CHAPTER ——.

It was not the prescience of evils about to befal himself—the power of looking into the future, and there discerning the operation of causes and agencies, all combining to produce those evils, which he could thus foresee, but could not avoid—it was not this which caused the young student, Frederick, to curse the hour wherein, at the suggestion of the fiend, he bowed his knee at the awful shrine of Omnipotence—and prayed—fervently, aye, importunately prayed, for the Fatal Gift—Foreknowledge: that faculty, of opening, and reading the unrevealed pages of futurity, which He, who showeth his love not more manifestly in what he gives, than in what he withholds, has in mercy denied to his earthly children.

Was it as a punishment for his presumption, that this dreadful boon was accorded to the unhappy Frederick? Or was it as a warning to others, and to vindicate the ways of the All-wise in withholding the Gift from mankind in general? We presume not to answer.

We have already witnessed the baneful effects which resulted to Frederick from the Fatal Gift. We have seen him, on the eve of impending evil, trembling in his secret chamber—like the condemned criminal in his cell—vainly devising modes of escape from *that* which he saw and knew to be inevitable—whilst the mocking laughter of the fiend, who had taught him the unhallowed prayer—and urged him to seek the fatal gift, rang wildly in his ears, and well nigh goaded him to madness. We have seen too the withering influence produced for many years on his young mind, by the knowledge he had attained, of the precise time and manner of his own death—that it would happen before he should reach the prime of life—that it would be of a violent nature—and that previously thereto, one period of his life should pass in a state of insanity.

But philosophy at length, in some degree, triumphed over these consequences of his folly, and over the timidity of nature. He brought himself to look with composure on the visible approach of evil, and the terrors of death were dissipated by the blessed assurance of everlasting happiness, beyond the grave. There was, however, one fearful consequence, resulting from this fatal gift, which time could not change, nor philosophy alleviate. The power granted to the student, was not confined merely to a foreknowledge of the mortal destiny of himself, and his fellow creatures, it comprehended also a prescience of the everlasting destiny of both.

For himself, as we have before said, he had in this respect no cause of unhappiness—he knew himself safe—he had seen his name inscribed on that book, from which neither the powers of men nor devils could ever erase it. But his brethren, his sisters, of the human family. Oh, it was an awful thing, possessing such a power to walk forth into the busy happy world—to go into the assemblies of innocent mirth—to enter the social circle—or the still more sacred circle of friendship and domestic felicity. Whither could he go to avoid meeting the predestined heirs of eternal misery? Unconscious of their doom, they laughed at heart, and looked up rejoicingly to the sky, and trod the earth lightly. But Frederick beheld them with an aching heart. Some kind friend would proffer him the warm hand of honest attachment—the young student received it tremblingly in his cold and clammy grasp—for he knew that that friend was of the number of the doomed. The smiling rosy babe, too, that with its innocent lips besought his blessing and a kiss—how could he bless it? It was innocent indeed now. But Frederick had seen, inscribed on the page of futurity, the fate of that smiling child. *A career of crime—a premature death—and,* (oh! horror of horrors,) *Eternal Torment.* These, these, were written against its name! How, then, could *he* bless that rosy babe—how could he press its innocent lips? How could he bless that which was accursed? How could he in mockery pronounce *his* benediction against the malediction of the Almighty. But he *would* take the little innocents in his arms—for he loved them—but his only benison was the tears of unavailing sympathy, which he shed abundantly over them.

It may be thought that it was some relief to his wretchedness to turn from the contemplation of those whom for a certainty he knew would be miserable forever, to contemplate those whom, on the other hand, with a like certainty he was assured, would enjoy never ending felicity. No. Frederick's was the heart of a man—and not a fiend. *He* found no relief to his wretchedness on such occasions, in the thought, that his own safety was secured—and that there were others equally safe as himself. *That* thought, only served to heighten his compassion for the lost ones.

This was the fearful consequence of the Fatal Gift, which caused the young student to curse the hour, when he offered up his presumptous prayer at the footstool of heaven.

Amongst the best beloved of Frederick's bosem friends, was his fellow student Heinrick Haller. Heinrick was by some years his senior: he completed his college course, a considerable time before Frederick, and on his departure left the latter at college. Both the students were ardent lovers of learning—but young Haller loved, perhaps, better even than learning, the sister of Frederick. Their acquaintance had commenced on the first vacation after Frederick entered college. By his invitation, young Haller accompanied Frederick to his widowed mother's home, to spend the vacation. It was then and there he first saw the lovely Bertha. They passed the holidays in the innocent pleasures, which youthful, uncorrupted, unsophisticated hearts alone can enjoy. Frederick had not then obtained or sought the Fatal Gift. The past with its smiles and tears, its dark and sunny spots, lay behind him—the *present* was then all happiness, and the anticipated future was a fairy land of joy, decked with the fairest flowers of fancy, and lit up with the brighest sunbeam of hope. Unhappy hour when the fond illusion was destroyed, and, as to poor Frederick, destroyed forever!

On returning to college, young Haller made considerable alterations in the records of the mythologists. He established four *graces,* instead of three; and ten muses instead of nine. Need we say that the fourth grace and tenth muse was Bertha. A love, ardent as it was innocent and mutual, was then commenced betwixt Haller and Bertha, and future years, and more perfect acquaintance, with each other's heart and mind, confirmed the choice of youth. Soon after leaving college they were united. Frederick, was of course, present at the solemn ceremony. But, why that gloomy brow—that sorrowful aspect—nay, there were tears, big tears of agony, rolling down his pallid cheek! Could it be that he was opposed to the union of his dear sister, with his dearest friend---the gifted, the virtuous Heinrick Haller. It could not be this. Every eye turned with astonishment towards Frederick as they witnessed the signs of sorrow, which he vainly struggled to conceal. His friend implored---his sister and mother, by all the claims of affection, with tearful eyes besought him, to explain the cause of his sorrow. He gave an evasive answer, and once more roused by the sympathetic grief of those around him, endeavored to assume a smiling face. Poor Frederick! he had read the page of futurity.

He returned to college, and eighteen months elapsed before he again crossed the threshhold of Haller's dwelling. Haller was now a father, and it was with all the pride and joy of a parent, that he presented his first-born, a fine boy, to the wretched Frederick. The young student at first recoiled—but mastering his feelings, he took the child in his arms---his limbs, however, trembled so excessively that he could scarcely retain the infant, and his whole frame was shaken by some fearful emotion which was passing within his mind. His sister and mother had now joined them; they stood aghast, poor things, at what they beheld! They could comprehend nothing but that their beloved Frederick was undergoing some fierce mental torture. After a few seconds he somewhat recovered himself; though his features were still of a ghastly paleness, they were no longer convulsed, and his limbs were restored to a state of quietude.—He gazed intently and abstractedly on the angel face of the infant, that returned his look with a smile of innocent delight.

"Good God! is it possible!"—thus commenced the internal soliloquy of Frederick, as he continued to gaze on the playful features of the child—"Is it possible that what I have read in the page of destiny is true? Can it be that a thing so lovely--so innocent--is doomed to share the lot of suffering with the guilty and impenitent—with the sinner of three score—the reprobate of many years. I could have hoped it were not true—I could have doubted even the record I have seen, but that single word, *reprobate* confirms the worst which I apprehend. If, as I know to be true, the destinies of all who have inherited, and of all who ever shall inherit this world, was settled irrevocably before the foundations of the world were laid—so firmly settled, that the stars might sooner quit their orbits, and wander at large through the regions of space, than the creature man depart from his allotted path—so firmly settled that the stream might as soon turn aside from the precipice at whose brink its waters have arrived, as man avoid his final doom of misery or bliss—if all this be true, and that it is, *I,* at least, cannot doubt—why should I call in question the justice of that awful doom, which awaits the innocent in my arms? Why should I doubt it? I cannot. I have seen the record! Wretched infant, wretched parents!

Whilst your lot shall be to regale amid the pleasures of the celestial Eden, where the tempter can no more assail you—where sin cannot enter, nor sorrow come—your child, your own flesh---the life of your lives---will be enduring torments unimaginable and unending!" The tears burst forth from his eyes, as these agonizing thoughts passed through the mind of Frederick, and it was in vain, the unconscious witnesses of his sorrow, endeavored to alleviate it, or sought to ascertain its cause. He impressed a fervent kiss on the infant's lips, and returned the boy to the arms of his fond mother.

"You were not wont to weep over children such as this," said Haller, "you used to say, that in gazing on them, you seemed to imbibe a portion of their innocence and happiness.

"Once it was so!" was Frederick's reply.

"And is there less of innocence, less of happiness in our little Heinrick, than is seen in infants generally," inquired his sister. "Did you know, Frederick, how much of happiness he has already bestowed on those whom you love---you would love him if it were only for that!"

"Bertha," said Frederick abstractedly, "are you sure you should be happy on account of that child?"

There was a mysteriousness in the manner, and an awfulness in the tone, in which this was uttered, which startled all present.

"Brother!" "Frederick!" was the affrighted response of his mother and sister.

Haller addressed him: "What can be the meaning of your strange words—what the cause of your still stranger behavior? Why should we not be happy in our child? Is it condemned of man—is it forbidden of God, that parents should be happy in their offspring? Surely, it is the operation of that dreadful doctrine of fatalism which is preying on your mind. You cannot believe that this child, innocent and unoffending as you see it, is obnoxious to the wrath of a divine being, whose power alone has called a thing so wonderful, so admirable, into existence. You cannot believe it!"

The mind of the unhappy Frederick, preyed upon as it had been for some years by the effects of the Fatal Gift—for he had seemed to himself to live and move amid a world of sentenced and destined criminals—had looked forward to the event which had now transpired—the birth of a nephew—with an intensity of anguish, which had well nigh mastered his reason. He knew, too, the hour had now come, when for a fearful season that reason was, in pursuance of the laws of destiny, to be overthrown. The feelings of delicacy, of humanity, which had hitherto suppressed on his tongue any allusion to the dreadful truth, were lost in the phrenzy which the contemplation of that truth produced. No sooner had the gentle Haller spoken the words "you cannot believe it!" than starting from his abstraction Frederick frantically exclaimed:

"Believe it! yes! I have seen it. The seal of perdition is fixed to the name of your child! Nay, never doubt. Pray, pray, daringly, impiously as I did and you may see it, too! Fondle, nurse, cherish your idol as you may—there is no escape for it; the curse of reprobation is upon it; and it must join the countless host of those who were created for perdition—for whom perdition was created."

The wild and maniac look of Frederick—the varying of his voice, and the outrageousness of his manner—told too plainly, that reason had lost the reins. Shocked as the parents were at the fearful prediction of their child's destiny, and racked as was the mother's brain, thus to behold her son, they subdued their own feelings, and endeavored by gentle words and tone to soothe his perturbed brain. The attempt was futile.

The next morning it was found he had departed from beneath his mother's roof. The following incoherent rhapsody was found on his table:

"I will praise him for his justice! for the old sinner shall repent and escape. I will praise him for his mercy—for I have seen the name of the innocent babe—aye, Bertha, Haller, *your* innocent, on the muster roll of perdition. Frederick, why stay you here! Go forth into the world and preach the glad tidings of perdition! Warn those to flee who cannot escape! And tell those of their danger, who cannot be lost. Cry aloud in the streets—for no one can be saved by your cries! Tell the lost ones of the joys of heaven, which they can never inherit; and bid the chosen beware of torments they can never suffer. Go forth! Go forth!!" W.

Original.

"And hope maketh not ashamed."—*Paul.*

Reader, art thou a "partialist?" If thou art, what does thy faith lead thee to hope for? Dost thou hope that the kingdom of Satan may be extended forever—that God thy creator will transplant sin and rebellion, from time into eternity, and give it an existence equal in duration with his own? Or dost thou hope that thy happiness may be completed *only* when thou shalt behold, the unmerciful torture of thy helpless fellow mortals, (perhaps thy own erring father or mother, or thine own children,) in the boiling lava of an endless hell. *Startle* not, I beseech thee, for thy darling sentiment *must* lead to this *awful* conclusion.

Does this hope make thee ashamed? Doubtless thou wilt deny that such is thy hope. But art thou aware, that in denying this to be thy hope thou dost virtually deny thy faith. The apostle says, Hebrews, 11, i, "Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for." Now, if thou art a partialist, thou hast abundant faith in the existence of an *immortal devil*, and in an *endless hell*, and thou art not slow to believe that much the greater number of thy fellow mortals will be punished world without end. I will venture further. I will say that *endless punishment* is the main pillar of thy faith. Remove this, and a partialist can see no inducement to religion. Thy faith then, rests upon the torture of thy fellow creatures eternally; and "faith is the *substance* of things hoped for;" says the apostle. This then must be thy hope as sure as thou dost believe thy doctrine. Lord wilt thou in mercy deliver our partialist brethren from hardness of heart, and from a faith full of blasphemy, and a hope that *must* make ashamed?

But dost thou *hope* that "God is a just God and a savior;" that Jesus the son of God "shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied;" that all things shall be restored from a fallen state, to perfect bliss, "as spoken by the mouth of all God's holy prophets since the world began;" that Jesus being "lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto him," in "glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people;" that "we *all* have one father, that one God hath created us;" that "as in Adam *all* die even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive;" that "where sin abounds grace doth *much* more abound;" that "in the dispensation of the fulness of times God will gather all things together in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth even in him;" that death the last enemy shall be destroyed, and God shall be *all in all;* that every son and daughter of Adam's numerous race shall be redeemed from the slavery of sin and brought to bow in sweet subjection to the will of God their Creator and heavenly Father; that "the devil and all his works shall be destroyed," "and there shall be no more pain," "and every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and *all* that are in them, shall be heard to say, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever." If this is thy *Hope*, thou canst say truly, "Hope maketh not *ashamed*, because the love of God is shed abroad in thy heart." And then indeed thou art no partialist, and we will join hand in hand and travel on the way of virtue and happiness together, rejoicing in that faith which was once delivered to the saints. J. K. W.

Easton, Jan. 29th, 1833.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

We give below some extracts from a very interesting address by our friend and fellow citizen Elv Moore, Esq. at a late public meeting in the 15th Ward, on the subject of erecting a monument to the memory of Washington. The length of the address, and our limits precludes our copying it entire. It will be read, we doubt not, with a special interest.

In his commencement, Mr. Moore spoke of the almost universal custom of nations testifying "their regard for departed heroes," by erecting monuments, and of its peculiar propriety in the present instance. He then adverted to the objection, that might be urged, that such a display of regard was here unnecessary—that the memory of Washington would be faithfully treasured on the "historic page," and in the hearts of his countrymen—admitting, that while we were surrounded by the faithful "companions in arms" of the departed hero, and "the partakers of his fortunes," there might not indeed exist that peculiar necessity of rearing columns. But in reply he continued:

But a few short years, and alas! the scanty remnant of that narrative and heroic band will have departed from among us. The eyes that once flashed defiance in the face of the foe, have already grown dim with age; and the tongues which still delight to dwell upon the name of Washington will ere long become mute in death, and the last of the apostles of freedom, will have joined their Chief, in another and a better world. When that time shall arrive, and we know that it cannot be far distant, will it not be necessary, that something more than the historic page should be presented to the eye, in order to keep alive these emotions of gratitude, and that spirit of patriotism, which is essential to our country's existence? for so constituted is the human mind, and such the bias of our natures, that fancy and sentiment act more directly, and consequently more forcibly upon us than reflection, or mere abstract reason. How many thousands, therefore, would by looking upon a monument to Washington, be led to study his character, who otherwise never would have sought for it in the historic page?

The speaker remarked, that he might be told "if we should erect a monument, the wing of time would sweep it from its base and lay it low in the dust," and adverted to the dilapidated monuments of antiquity—the column of Trajan in particular, as a probable illustration that would be brought. But still he argued utility in the structure—an important national purpose in the measure, and that it stood a proud monument of the gratitude of those who reared it, transmitting to posterity the name of its renowned architect, (Apollodorus) of whom Rome had ample cause to be proud. The fame of Rome, said the speaker, "rests not so much upon her achievements in war, as upon the number and grandeur of her villas, her temples and monuments, the skill of her artists, the eloquence of her orators, and the enterprize and gratitude of her citizens." He proceeds:

Fellow-citizens, has America no Artists whose genius can contribute to her fame? We know

she has. We have already been furnished with the evidence.* Then let us hasten to the task, now "while gratitude is still fresh in recollection," raise to the memory of Washington, a monument that shall be worthy of the age, in which it is our high destiny to live.

Let us no longer suffer it to be said, that the heathens of Greece and Rome, gave stronger evidence of gratitude to the memory of their heroes, than we, the citizens of the great commercial emporium of free and prosperous America, have to our benefactors. We have by our negligance, by our luke-warmness, incurred the reproach—let us no longer deserve it, and let the structure we propose to raise, be of such magnitude and excellence, as shall atone for our former neglect. Let it rise till it proudly overlooks the lofty domes and glittering spires of our city. Let it be the last object upon which the eye of the patriot shall linger, when departing from, and the first to greet him when returning to his native land. "Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

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Gentlemen—If there ever lived a man whose services and virtues challenged the gratitude of his country, more especially than that of any other—that man was George Washington.

Ponder the history of the past—explore the archieves of antiquity; yea, search creation through, and I defy you to point to a solitary name (when taken all and in all) that shines with a brighter, a purer, a steadier lustre than that of Washington. Egypt had her Sesostris—Crete her Minos—Athens her Solon—Sparta her Lycurgus—Rome her Numa—Britian her Alfred—and America, thank God, her Washington. As a statesman, philosopher, philanthrophist, he was inferior to none. Brave as Leonidas, prudent as Fabius, and wise and just as Aristides. Who will assert then, that the most renowned and illustrious of antiquity—whether heroes or sages—whether statsemen or philosophers, better deserved the gratitude of their country than does Washington the gratitude of America? And shall we, my countrymen—shall we who have been blessed with the greatest benefactor, that gracious Heaven ever vouchsafed to any people, longer show ourselves cold and ungrateful? Ungrateful not only to Washington, but to the Being who created, directed and sustained him? Yea, ungrateful to that God, who gave us Washington. You are ready to exclaim "the insinuation is a calumny—a libel on our characters." Then for our own, for our country's and Heaven's sake let us prove it so!

You certainly do not require, that any thing by way of exhortation should be said in order to stimulate you to vigorous exertions in this matter. It would be paying but a sorry compliment to your liberality and patriotism, gentlemen, to indulge such a supposition. Neither is it necessary to dwell upon his character or the glory of his deeds, in order to excite your gratitude, or enkindle your enthusiasm. His character is impressed upon all that we behold around us, which wears the stamp of liberty and greatness. His praises are uttered from the thousand free and liberal institutions of our country. The morning and the evening orison, bear witness to his virtues—and the song of praise and of gladness, that pervades and cheers our happy land, breathe forth his eulogy. How vain and futile—how poor and impotent then, must appear, an attempt to do justice to his character, or impart additional lustre to the halo of glory, that surrounds his name. And yet, fellow-citizens, my feelings strongly urge me to call your attention for a moment, to that period of the revolutionary struggle, which

* Frazer's bust of John Jay.

more than any other, was calculated to "try men's souls," and test the sincerity of patriotism. I mean that just previous to the battle of Trenton—when a succession of reverses, had well nigh broken the spirits of our people; when our finances were embarressed; when the sources of our revenue were well nigh dried up; when discord began to raise her hellish crest; when doubts and misgivings began to creep into the bosoms of the faithful, and the heart of the virtuous patriot, to sink within him, and in "agony to tremble o'er his hopes:"—in that hour of peril, of darkness and dimay, when despair, aye, even death itself, seemed to stalk across our path—who was it then, let me ask, that stood forth as the only director of our fortunes—as the only champion of our hopes? Who was it that rebuked and silenced the spirit of disaffection, and hushed the fears and strengthened the hopes of the timid and the wavering? 'Twas Washington! the idol of the soldier, the councillor of the wise, and the beloved and revered by all.

In no one instance, perhaps, was his influence with the army so strikingly exemplified, as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. O'er and o'er have I listened with intense anxiety, in the days of my boyhood, whilst my now departed Sire, who fought and bled on that proud field, recited with thrilling interest, all that related to the enterprise. It was on a December's night, (would he say) when our little heart-broken army, halted on the banks of the Delaware. That night was dark, cheerless, tempestuous, and bore a strong resemblance to our country's fortunes! It seemed as if Heaven and Earth had conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came on us apace. The snow and the hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the supperless, half-clad, shivering soldier—and in the roarings of the flood and the wailings of the storm, was heard by fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes and the dirge of liberty! The impetuous river was filled with floating ice—an attempt to cross it at that time and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise; yet it was undertaken; and thanks be to God and Washington, was successfully accomplished.

From where we landed on the Jersey shore to Trenton, was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march, there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers when giving some order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he—many of us frost bitten—and the majority of us so badly shod that the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tred—yet we upbraided not, complained not—but marched steadily and firmly, though mournfully onward, resolved to persevere to the uttermost: not for our country, our country alas! we had given up for lost. *Not for ourselves*—life for us no longer wore a charm, but because *such was the will of our beloved chief*—'twas for Washington alone, we were willing to make the sacrifice. When we arrived within sight of the enemy's encampments, we were ordered to form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated, dispirited and exhausted, we presented a most unwarlike and melancholy aspect. The paternal eye of our chief, was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledge them with his tears: but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country and all that we held dear was staked upon the coming battle. As he spoke we began to gather ourselves up and rally our energies; every man grasped his arms more firmly, and the clenched hand, and the compressed lip, and the steadfast look, and the knit brow, told the soul's resolve. Washington observed us well; then did he exhort us with all the fervor of his soul, "On yonder field to conquer, or die the death of the brave." At that instant the glorious sun, as if in prophetic token of our success, burst forth in all his splendor, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. The faces which but a few moments before were blanched with despair, glowed with martial fire and animation. Our chief with exultation hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds and calling on the "God of battles" and his faithful soldiers, led on to the charge. The conflict was fierce and bloody. For more than 20 minutes, not a gun was fired, the sabre and the bayonet did the work of destruction; 'twas a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death. There did we stand, (would he say) there did we stand "foot to foot, and hilt to hilt," with the serried foe! and where we stood we died or conquered. Such was that terriffic scene.

The result of that action, gentlemen, is known to you all; as is also its bearings upon the fortunes of America. Had defeat attended our arms at that trying crisis, our cause was lost, forever lost; and freedom had found a grave on the plains of Trenton! But the wisdom and prudence of Washington, secured us the victory—and consequently our liberty.

How great our obligations then, and how much it behoves us at this time, to show our gratitude by erecting to his memory, a monument, that shall tell to after ages, not only that Washington was great, but that *we were grateful!* Let it no longer be delayed.' To pause is to invite defeat—to persevere, to insure success.

DR. FRANKLIN.

It is not generally known, says the Trumpet, that the great philosopher and philanthropist Franklin, has left a decided testimony in favor of the influence of Universalism on society. We extract the following paragraph from an English work entitled "The Mirror," Vol. ix, p. 208. It appeared originally in the "New Monthly Magazine."

"Howard brings to my recollection another celebrated philanthropist and friend of universal man, whose name will exist with his own, Dr. Franklin. I once met with an individual who had known the philosopher, and who had lately visited the Doctor's daughter in America, Mrs. Bache. This lady had a numerous family and resided in the house of her father, an interesting residence, when the mind that occupied it is considered. The building was in Market-st. (Philadelphia) and though close to a public market, cut off from all noise and bustle. It was lofty and commodious, well, but not superfluously furnished. The library was very large, and in it hung, among others, a picture of the Bishop of St. Asaph and his family. There were the pictures, writing book and desk of the great deceased, just as he left them. Mrs. B. spoke with strong filial feeling of the Doctor's tedious illness, his self-possession under the most excruciating agonies, and the serenity amidst all, that constantly dwelt upon his features, sometimes changing into a smile. Two days before his death he observed to her, 'My dear, I do not recollect that in the course of thy whole life I was ever for a single moment angry with thee.' The entire tenor of his conduct during his last illness, was the same. Every thing was right, all that was done for him was done as it should be; nothing ruffled the composure of his mind; and thus he expired. From many circumstances it may be concluded, that Franklin was inclined to Deism in his religious opinions, but he never obtruded them on any. It is just to observe, however, that he remarked on the doctrine of the Universalists, according to his daughter, (and his family were among the favorers of that sect,) that, in his opinion, no system in the christian world was so well calculated to promote the interest of society, as the doctrine which showed 'a God reconciling a lapsed world to himself.'"

FROM THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

JOHN MURRAY—THOMAS POTTER.

Brs. SKINNER and GROSH—I noticed in the Magazine and Advocate, not long since, an article by Br. A. C. Thomas, giving a very interesting account of a visit he has recently made to the spot, where Murray, the father of Universalism in America, first lifted up his voice in proclamation of a world's salvation through a crucified Redeemer: and where now slumber the ashes of the venerable Potter, who cordially welcomed him, as the peaceful messenger of that God, whose cause he labored to subserve—and, as the minister of the Gospel, appointed by Heaven to occupy the house of worship he had erected. The name of Murray is endeared to all who believe in the unpurchased grace and impartial love of God, and will be embalmed in the affections of generations to come. Those acquainted with Murray's first interview with Potter, and with the peculiar and distinguishing traits of Potter's character as related by his friend Murray, feel a deep interest in every thing pertaining to the history of this philanthropic and virtuous man, and, as many have perused the "Life of Murray," who have not seen his "Letters and Sketches of Sermons," I have thought proper to transcribe so much of his letter to a friend, referred to by Br. Thomas, as relates to his last visit to the neighborhood, where he first preached the glad tidings of the Gospel in this country. L. L. S.

"I reached this place yesterday evening, the sun was just setting, and as I passed through the well known fields, and saw them rich and flourishing in all the pride of nature, I felt an irrational kind of anger glow at my heart, that those fields should look so exceedingly gay, when their master had taken an everlasting leave of every terrestrial scene. The depression upon my spirits, as I reached the house was idescribable; I beheld one, and another, whose faces I had never before seen. An ugly mastiff growled at me as I passed; and this is the first time, said I, that I was ever growled at, in this place, by any of thy kind, but he was soon silenced by a lad, who was brought up by my friend. 'Lord bless me—Is not this Mr. Murray?' Why, Matt. do you remember me? 'Remember you, Sir—remember Mr. Murray—yes, indeed, Sir.' This dog does not, Matt.! 'But he would if he had lived in Master's time; but he is a stranger.' They are all strangers, Matt. are they not? 'Indeed they are all, but my mistress and myself.' And where is your mistress, Matt.? 'I will call her, sir.' No, my good lad, not yet; what have you for my horse? 'Nothing but grass.' Nothing at Mr. P——'s but grass? 'Ah! Sir, it is not now the house of Mr. P——.' True, true, true. Leave me, my good lad, leave me.

"I walked round the house, entered every avenue, looked at my garden, it was made for me; the trees, the flowering shrubs have run wild, and the whole surface of the spot is covered with weeds. This pleased me, just so I would have it.

"This is the tree planted by my own hand; how flourishing! But where is the other, planted directly opposite at the same moment, by my friend? alas! like its planter, dead! On this very spot I first saw the philanthropist—Can you assist me, Sir? 'Yes, Sir.' On what terms? 'I receive no payment, Sir. He who gave to me did not charge me any thing; you are welcome at the same price.'—Here our acquaintance commenced—but it is ended, at least in the present state. I shall see him no more on this side of eternity. On this seat we sat, and here the tear of transport rolled down his furrowed cheek, when we conversed upon that redemption which is in Christ Jesus. Under that oak we have frequently sat, contemplating the shadow from the heat, the hiding place from the storm. At yonder gate he bid me farewell, and wiped his venerable eye; at yonder gate I turned, he waved his hand, 'God Almighty bless you, you will come again; forget not your friend, your ancient friend.' If I do, said my heart, may my right hand forget its cunning. But I forgot thee, good old man, too long I forgot thee! and now that I am at last returned, thou art not here to bid me in the politest, that is in the sincerest manner welcome.

"Mrs. P—— approached; she lifted up her hands and eyes in speechless anguish, seated herself, changed color—no matter—the worst is past. I have visited the meeting-house reared by his hand for the worship of his God. It is embosomed in a grove of stately oaks, all trimmed and in beautiful order—under this shade reposeth the man, by whom the house was raised, by whom the grove was planted. I beheld his grave; it was not a marble, a *hard marble* that informed me whose dust lay there, it was a feeling mechanic, who, having experienced much kindness from the deceased, wept when he told me that spot contained the dead——I carefully examined the grave, to see if any weeds grew there—No, no, they had no business there. I could not pluck a noxious nettle from *his* grave: there grew upon it a few wild flowers, emblematic of the mind that once inhabited this insensate clay. At the foot of the grave stands the most majestic and flourishing of all the oaks which surround the grave; it was once on the point of falling a sacrifice to the axeman, but my friend solicited for its continuance, pronouncing that it would flourish when he should sleep beside it, and having thus rescued it, added my informant, he has since paid it particular attention, which is the reason of its so far surpassing the other trees.

"Peace, peace to thy spirit, thou friendly, feeling, faithful man; thy dust is laid up to rest, near the house thou didst build for God, but thy spirit rests *with God* in the house built *by him for thee*, and though our dust may not meet again, our spirits will meet and rejoice together, in those regions of blessedness, where pain can find no entrance, where death can no more usurp dominion, where no tear of sorrow shall ever dim the joy-brightened eye, for we shall part no more forever. I said there was no nettle on his grave; one thing however, was very remarkable, a gourd had crept along until it came to, and spread over his grave, mixing its foliage with the sweet scented flowers which grow thereon.

"Never was place better calculated for melancholy musing than this spot, so thick the grove around: the little neat grave-yard at the end, the shutters of the house for public worship all closed up, the lonely situation inviting the birds, their music serves to mellow the scene; all, all, is *most truly* for solemn meditation fit.

"By the following article in the will of my deceased friend, this house of worship becomes my property.

"'The house built by me for the worship of God, it is my will that God be worshipped in it still, and for this purpose I will that my ever dear friend, Mr. John Murray, preacher of the Gospel, shall possess it, having the sole direction, disposal and management of said house, and one acre of land upon which it stands, and by which it is surrounded.'

"In this house of worship I have once more preached. It is full two years since divine service has been performed there. I selected for my subject, 1 Cor. vi, 20, 'For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.'"

In the course of this sermon, Mr. Murray thus reverted to the character of his deceased friend and patron:

"Through yonder open casement, I behold the grave of a man, the recollection of whom swells my heart with gratitude, and fills my eyes with tears. There sleeps the sacred dust of him who well understood the advantages resulting from the public worship of the true God. There rest the ashes of him, who glorified God in his body, and in his spirit, which he well knew were the Lord's. He believed he was bought with a price, and therefore he declared that all he was, and had, were righteously due to the God, who had created, and purchased him with a price, all price beyond. There rests the precious dust of the friend of strangers, whose hospitable doors were ever open to the destitute, and him who had none to relieve his sufferings. I myself was once thrown on these shores a desolate stranger; this Christian man brought me to his habitation. God, (said he,) hath blessed me, he has given me more than a competency, and he has given me a heart to devote myself, and all that I have, to him. I have built a place for his name and worship; I would, continued the faithful man, erect this temple myself, with what God had given me; my neighbors would have lent their aid, but I refused assistance from any one; I would myself build the house, that God might be worshipped without contention, without interruption, that he might be worshipped by all, whom he should vouchsafe to send.

"This elegant house, my friends, the first friends who hailed my arrival in this country; this elegant house, with its adjoining grove, is yours. The faithful founder bequeathed it to me, that none of you may be deprived of it. His dust reposes close to this monument of his piety; he shewed you by his life, what it was to glorify God in body and spirit; and he has left you this house, that you may assemble here together, listen to the voice, and unite to chant the praises of the God who created, who has bought you with a price, and who will preserve you.

"Dear, faithful man, when last I stood in this place, he was present among the assembly of the people. I marked his glistening eye, it always glistened at the emphatic name of Jesus—Even now I behold in imagination, his venerable countenance; benignity is seated on his brow, his mind is apparently open and confiding; tranquility reposeth upon his features, and the expression of each varying emotion, evinceth that faith which is the parent of enduring peace, of that peace which passeth understanding.

"Let us, my friends, imitate his philanthropy, his piety, his charity. I may never again meet you, until we unite to swell the loud hallelujah, before the throne of God. But to hear of your faith, of your perseverance, of your brotherly love, of your works of charity, will heighten my enjoyments, and soothe my sorrows, even to the verge of my mortal pilgrimage. Accept my prayers in your behalf, and let us unite to supplicate our common God and Father, for the mighty blessing of his protection."

The poetry of Milton, exhibiting the most sublime conception and elevated language, intermingled with passages of uncommon delicacy of thought and beauty of expression, reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtle bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

The minds of the aged are like the tombs to which they are approaching; when, though the brass and the marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery had mouldered away.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE, NEW-YORK, AND ABEL C. THOMAS, PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1833.

JUST PUBLISHED,

At this office, in a neat pamphlet form, for distribution, the CORRESPONDENCE, inserted in No. 11, between a member of the Reformed Dutch Church, and a Universalist. We believe this will be found an excellent little work to put in the hands of those disposed to examine into the spirit and doctrines of Universalism. Even the most fastidious of the Reformed Dutch, we should think, could not object to the MANNER in which the Universalists' argument is conducted. Price $2, per hundred, 3 cts single.

WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

A course of meetings have been commenced in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-street Church, and will be continued every Wednesday evening. Exercises to commence at 7 o'clock. The primary object is moral and religious improvement. Addresses may always be expected. Friends of the doctrine of God's impartial grace, both Ladies and Gentlemen, are earnestly invited to attend. The meetings will generally be found interesting, and we doubt not profitable. Hereafter they will not be occupied so much with business as they have been.

TRAVELLING AGENT.

We have pleasure in stating that Br. S. J. HILLYER is now travelling on an agency for this Paper, in collecting, and procuring subscribers. He designs visiting the principal places within a convenient distance of this city, during this winter. Any facilities our friends in different places can afford him will be thankfully acknowledged.

CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

The Concert of Sacred Music at the Orchard-st. church, noticed in our last, which was to have taken place on Friday Feb. 1, was postponed to FRIDAY FEB. 8th. The severe storm of Wednesday and Thursday evenings prevented the intended rehearsals and rendered the postponement absolutely necessary. As it is intended to be the last for the season, we trust those interested in the singing in that church, will give substantial evidence of their approbation.

As we mentioned last week, we give this notice because many of our papers in the city are delivered on Thursday and Friday.

Tickets 50 cents admitting a Lady and Gentleman, to be had at this office, and at the several places named in our last.

SCRIPTURE EXPLANATION.

Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him.

Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit. Proverbs xxvi, 4, 5.

There is an apparent contradiction in this language of the wise man. In the first verse we are exhorted not to answer a fool according to his folly, and in the second the exhortation seems to be the very reverse. The passages under consideration are susceptible of two explanations either of which, we believe, will fully shield the Scriptures, so far as this portion is concerned, from the charge of contradicting themselves. The first we shall give in the language of the Rev. Mr. Horne's Intro. Vol. II. pp. 674. 675. It is on the principle that a change of circumstances changes moral things, so that contrary things may be spoken together in moral things, on account of the difference of circumstances.

"If we attend carefully," says he, "to the *reason* which the sacred writer subjoins to each precept, we shall be enabled satisfactorily to account for the apparent repugnancy in the counsels of the Israelitish monarch: and it will be evident that they form, not inconsistent, but *distinct*, rules of conduct, which are respectively to be observed according to the *difference of circumstances*. The following observations on the two verses just cited will materially illustrate their meaning."

After remarking that a fool, in the sense of Scripture, means a wicked man, he quotes from Fuller's Harmony of Scripture, pp. 17, 18, as follows;

"In the first instance, the term, 'according to his folly,' means *in a foolish manner*, as is manifest from the reason given; 'lest thou be also like unto him.' But in the second instance they mean, *in the manner in which his foolishness requires*. This also is plain from the reason given, 'lest he be wise in his own conceit.' A foolish speech is not a rule for our imitation; nevertheless our answer must be so framed by it, as to meet and repel it. * * * The first of these proverbs is exemplified in the answer of Moses to the rebellious Israelites; the last in that of Job to his wife. It was a foolish speech which was addressed to the former: 'Would God, that we had died when our brethren died before the Lord! And why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there?' Unhappily this provoked Moses to speak unadvisedly with his lips; saying, 'Hear now, ye rebels, must we fetch you water out of this rock?' This was answering folly *in a foolish manner*, which he should not have done; and by which the servant of God became too much *like* them whom he opposed. It was also a foolish saying of Job's wife, in the day of his distress; 'Curse God and die!' Job answered this speech not *in the manner of it*, but in the manner *which it required*. 'What, shall we not receive good at the hand of God; and shall we not receive evil?' In all the answers of our Savior to the Scribes and Pharisees, we may perceive that he never lost the possession of his soul for a single moment; and never answered *in the manner* of his opponents so as to be *like unto them*. Yet neither did he decline to repel their folly, and so abase their self-conceit."

The second method of explanation is prefered by many. See Gerard's Institutes, p. 84, Art. 275. The Syriac version of the Old Testament, from the Hebrew, is generally believed by critics to have been made in the first century. As it is "very literal it ascertains clearly the readings which it followed: by reason of its antiquity, it gives great authority to those readings; and it has preserved some which appear to be genuine." Among these it gives the following on the passage under consideration.

"Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him.

Answer a fool *according to thine own wisdom*, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

With this reading agrees the Chaldee paraphrase, which, however, is of less authority than the Syriac version. The error, if it be one in the Hebrew copy, from which our version was made, is accounted for by a supposed carelessness of some ancient copyist. It would be very easy for a transcriber in this case to introduce into the second verse, the word *according to his folly*, (for it is only one word in the original) and especially as it is found in the first verse, preceded and followed by the same words with which it would thus be connected in the second. Such an error should not be thought singular, as we believe it would not be unfrequent under similar circumstances in copying any article whatever. See Universalist Expositor, Vol. I, pp. 62, 63, for further remarks on this explanation. Either of these solutions are to our mind satisfactory. The latter perhaps is most generally received. Our readers can adopt that which appears to them best.

S.

INDIAN CREED.

In a recent number of a New-York paper, I find a letter signed "George Catlin," dated, "Mandan Village, Upper Missouri, August 12, 1832." The following is an extract—containing the creed of the Indians of that section of country:—

"They believe in the existence of a Great (Good) Spirit, and also in the existence of a Bad Spirit, who they say existed long before the Good Spirit, and is far superior in power. They all believe in a future existence, and in a future state of rewards and punishments, and (as do all other tribes which I have visited,) they believe that punishment is not eternal, [endless] but commensurate with their sins. These people, living in a climate where they suffer extremely from cold in the severity of their winters, have very naturally reversed our ideas of Heaven and Hell. The latter they describe to be a country very far to the north, of barren and hideous aspect, and covered with eternal snows. The torments of this freezing place they describe as most excruciating. Whilst heaven they suppose to be in a warmer and delightful latitude, where nothing is felt but the keenest enjoyment, and where the country abounds in Buffalo and other luxuries of life. God (or the Great Spirit) they believe dwells in Hell, for the purpose of there meeting those who have offended him, increasing the agony of their sufferings by being himself present, and administering the penalties. The Bad Spirit they conceive to be in Heaven, still tempting the happy, whose happiness is increased by their successful resistance of his temptations. Their belief is that those who go to Hell are tormented there, and suffer for a time proportioned to the amount of their transgressions, and that they are then to be transferred to the land of the happy, where they are again liable to the temptations of the Devil, and answerable again at a future period for their new transgressions. The Annual Ceremony (or *o-kee-pa*, as they call it) is by them considered a religious ceremony, wherein, by inflicting punishments of the most cruel and painful kind upon their own bodies, they expect to appease the Almighty, receive pardon for their sins past, and a promise of future success in hunting, and in battles with their enemies."

REMARKS.

The Indian tribes and the numerous tribes of Partialist Christians, agree in many particulars. 1st. They agree in affirming the existence of a God, and a Devil—the doctrine of the Persian magi. 2d. They agree in believing that the Devil is more powerful than God—the Indians explicitly, Partialists by implication. 3d. They agree in affirming the terrible wrath of God toward the wicked. 4th. They agree in believing that penance will *appease* this wrath.

They disagree in several points of faith. 1st. Partialists believe that God made an angel, who afterward became the Devil, the Indians, that the Devil existed before the Almighty. 2d. Partialists believe that God is in Heaven and the Devil in Hell; the Indians the reverse. 3d. Partialists believe that Hell is a scorching *hot* place; the Indians, that it is a terribly *cold* climate. 4th. Partialists believe in *endless*, the Indians in a *limited* punishment after death. 5th. Partialists believe in only *one* season of probation; the Indians in many.

Which of the twain is the most desirable and consistent creed?

A. C. T.

A UNIVERSAL SAVIOR.

If there is *no* punishment *beyond* the grave, from which Christ saves us, then he *cannot* be a Universal Savior, as thousands and tens of thousands have died without ever having heard of his name, or participated in this life, in the least degree, in the blessings of the gospel. Now what did Christ do for them! He did not save them from sin in this world, nor from any temporal calamity. Consequently, he cannot be to them a savior at all. If he only *saves* from the miseries and *dangers* in this life, (and danger, imminent danger or impending ruin is always necessarily implied in the term save) then Christ indeed has saved but a few; indeed he has none, for his children suffer with others in this respect; death is the great deliverer to which we owe our homage. But if it is contended that Christ "has *tasted death* for *every* man," a sentiment in which we rejoice, then there is a danger which this life has never seen, a hell which this world has never felt, from which he died to rescue us. And let it be recollected that to avail ourselves of the benefits of this glorious redemption, we must *believe* on him with the heart, unto righteousness: "He that *believeth* shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."—*Wesleyan Jour.*

REMARKS.

We acknowledge our obligations to the Evangelist for the article above. It was intended, we doubt not as a home thrust at Universalism. Br. Leavitt so understood it, and therefore are we indebted to him for it. But let us look at it a moment. The writer says, "If there is *no* punishment *beyond* the grave from which Christ saves us, then he cannot be a Universal Savior." Would it not have been well for our Arminian friend to have proved what he here assumes, viz. that Christ saves us from *deserved punishment?* But granting this assumption, we reply, if there *is* a punishment *beyond* the grave from which Christ *does not* save us, then he cannot be a Universal Savior. "Let it be recollected," says the writer, "that to avail ourselves of the benefits of this glorious redemption, we must *believe* on him with the heart to righteousness. 'He that *believeth* shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned.'" If we do not much mistake, the writer here means that we must believe on Christ in this life, in order to avail ourselves of the benefits of his death. Grant it and the consequence is that the "thousands and tens of thousands who have died without ever having heard of his name or participated in this life, in the least degree, in the blessings of the gospel," are inevitably and forever lost. Consequently Christ, who knew these "thousands and tens of thousands," did not die for them at all, and of course, "cannot be a Universal savior." Have it as you like, brethren, but if you rejoice in believing that Christ "*has tasted* death for *every* man," do not be offended with us because we believe that *He did not die in vain.* S.

REVIVAL TALE.

We present the following as a specimen of the candor and christian feeling of *revivalists.* Comments are unnecessary. We hazard nothing however, we are confident, in pronouncing the account a sheer falsehood. Our friends in that neighborhood will see to it. S.

Western, Mass.—A few weeks since, a protracted meeting was held in Western, 5 miles from this place. I was informed, a few days since, that it was a very interesting time with the people in that place: between 30 and 40 had hopefully been born again, some of whom had been considered substantial *Universalists.* Perhaps this is one reason why opposition to the work of the Lord has been so violent. Rev. Mr. Cooke of this place preached there one evening during the protracted meeting, and it is believed that a blessing attended. It is said, that two men were in the meeting-house till near midnight, for the purpose of prayer. One of these men had been a *Universalist,* but had become distressed on account of his sins, and anxious to know what he should do to be saved. This being known to his former associates, it enraged them, and the next morning the PULPIT BIBLE was found torn in pieces, and thrown about the common near the meeting house. Here may be seen the *love,* the *kindness,* and the *good will* of which *Universalists* boast so much—Poor, deluded men; they need the prayers of all such as have an interest at the throne of grace."—*Revivalist.*

HYMN.

Air—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Adapted to Sacred Music—and called BANNOCKBURN.

Thou whose wide extended sway
Suns and sytems o'er obey:
Thou our guardian and our stay.
Grace and truth impart:
May thy word its pow'r display,
And thy love-enkindling ray,
Warm, enlighten, and assay
Ev'ry waiting heart.

Thine we are, and humbly we
Lift the voice and bend the knee;
Thou art worthy, and shalt be
Ever more adored;
In prospective, Lord, we see
Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Reconciled in Christ to Thee—
Holy, holy Lord!

Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blessed,
When to thy eternal rest,
In the courts above,
Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed;
Fill each joy-desiring breast;
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love!

When destroying death shall die;
Hushed be every rising sigh;
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Never more to fall,
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy Lord Most High,
Thou art all in all!

A. C. T.

LATEST NEWS FROM THREE WORLDS.

We owe an apology to the author, Br. R. Streeter, for so long neglecting to notice the pamphlet he had the goodness to send us. But our time has been so much occupied since we received the favor that we have but just now completed its perusal.

To our readers we shall be permitted to say that "THE LATEST NEWS FROM THREE WORLDS, *Heaven Earth and Hell,*" is the title of a pamphlet embracing letters to eight Calvinistic Ministers who lately figured largely at a four-days meeting held in Shirley, Mass. Br. Streeter in his most felicitous style, has presented as in a mirror to these clergymen themselves their own conduct, and held up in all its ragged deformity the system of doctrines which they profess to believe and teach. An expose of the management, and craft, and duplicity, and study for effect, which may almost always be seen by a close observer at these meetings, was needed. The contradictions which clergymen generally discover on such occasions to themselves, and to one another, amounting in fact to another Babel, need only to be observed to satisfy the most credulous of their followers that God is not in their midst, unless he be indeed "the author of confusion."

These letters present in a singular light the conduct of revivalists, and yet any one who has ever attended a four-days' meeting can vouch for the accuracy of the delineation. Calvinism and Arminianism, Old School and New School theology, and no School whatever, are strangely jumbled together. Truth and falsehood, fact and fiction, great stories and little stories, are sadly commingled to constitute a genuine modern revival sermon. Br. Streeter has been specially fortunate in catching the spirit of the scene and presenting it in all its native loveliness, and we wish every person in the community might read this 'latest news from the three worlds.' We shall hereafter as opportunity occurs offer brief extracts to our readers. S.

THE FATAL GIFT.

We invite attention to the article under the above title, by our well known correspondent, "W." which commences the first page of this number. It will be readily perceived that its design, (in the language of the writer) is "to depict the wisdom of Providence in denying us the gift of Fore knowledge—to portray the horrors of Predestination (or Reprobation)—and in the conclusion, the absurdity of *preaching* under such a belief." Whoever reads it will be prepared to hear ample testimony to the thrilling interest of the narrative. The writer's chaste though bold and energetic style of writing cannot but secure to his articles a favorable reception. Will he not follow out the subject he has thus just entered upon? He has laid open a wide field for illustration, unlocked a storehouse that will yield many more highly interesting "Detached Chapters." May we hope for their continuation?

P.

Original.

PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

We have often thought that the story of the good Samaritan has received but a small portion of that approbation which it certainly deserves; and the reason is owing, we believe, to a want of attention to the circumstances of the case. We consider it to be one of the most interesting parts of the whole Bible, and never was there language that fell from the lips of man, more sublime, and beautiful, and touching, than that in which this parable is dressed.

A certain lawyer in a conversation with Christ concerning the relative duties of man, being told by him that he should love his neighbor as himself, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?" "And Jesus, answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? Luke x, 30—36.

The scene of this parable is well laid in the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, which, says an eastern traveller, "is considered the most dangerous in Palestine. The very aspect of the scenery is sufficient on the one hand to tempt to robbery and murder, and on the other to inspire a dread of it in those who have to pass that way. The bold projecting mass of rocks, the dark shadows in which every thing lies buried below; the towering height of the cliffs above, and the

forbidding desolation which every where reigns around, presents a picture which is quite in harmony throughout all its parts. With what propriety did our Savior choose this spot as the scene of this delightful tale of comparison! One must be amid these wild and gloomy solitudes, attended, as is usual, by a number of armed men, and witness the watchfulness, shoutings, and the awful echoes, before the full force and beauty of the admirable story of the good Samaritan can be perceived. Here pillage, wounds, and death would be accompanied with double terror—here the act of passing by a suffering fellow-creature strikes one with horror." And yet the Priest and the Levite pass the unfortunate sufferer by! From these he had a right to expect assistance; the one was a teacher of the law, and the other a professed servant of the Most High. As such, they had no excuse in passing him; he was not a Samaritan, he was not a Gentile, but an Israelite, a *brother*, and in the most wretched condition to which a human being could be reduced. But notwithstanding all this, they only looked on him, and with more than stoic coldness, passed and left him to his fate. What must have been his feelings then! They, upon whose sympathy, compassion and assistance, he had the most undoubted claim; they who were teachers to others, who ought to have been spotless examples of love and charity; they who were brothers in the same faith, members of the same family; *they* had unfeelingly passed by on the other side, and left him in that fearful place, stripped, wounded and alone, to look for death. Oh! what must have been his agonizing feelings, and what the thoughts that crowded upon his phrenzied brain! How must despair have wrung his sinking heart when the last sounding footsteps of the departing Levite fell upon his dying ear. Those who should have had compassion on him, who should have been his nearest and most faithful friends in his misfortunes, had unfeelingly passed and left him to die amid the horrors of this awful place. From whom now could he expect assistance? From no one. The last, lingering hope had fled, and he sunk back in despair. But hark! Once more the sound of footsteps echoes o'er the ground. A certain Samaritan journeys that way; he comes where the dying Israelite lies, and when he sees him he has compassion on him!

But now the scene is changed. The Samaritan finds the person before him is a Jew, and of a different religion from his own, whom he had been taught from his infancy to regard with the deepest hatred, and who would have been little disposed to give him assistance under like circumstances. It is well known that the most bitter enmity subsisted between the Jews and Samaritans. The Jews cursed them, and believed them to be accursed. Their most merciful wish to the Samaritans was, that they might have no part in the resurrection; or in other words, that they might be annihilated. They believed it to be their duty to hate them, and they were bound to suffer them to perish if they saw them in danger of death. Now under these circumstances, how is it to be supposed the good Samaritan would act when he saw the Jew stripped, wounded, and left half dead by the way side? The most natural answer is, he would pass him by as the priest and levite had done. But not so with the good Samaritan. He had compassion on him, went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. How noble, how godlike was this action! Worthy indeed is it of eternal record, and the remembrance of it should be graven on every heart. How superior thus to rise above the prejudice of education, and the hatred of sectarian spirit. How generous to sympathize with, and assist an unfortunate enemy in this lonely and deserted condition.

The forbidding desolation that reigned around this fearful place was enough to terrify the stoutest friend; and here, therefore, the compassion of the good Samaritan is doubly virtuous, from the purity of the motive which led to it—unseen by any eye, and where to delay was to hazard his own life. But notwithstanding all these dangers and difficulties; notwithstanding the sufferer before him was an enemy, his humanity overcame them all, and at the risk of his own life, he binds up his wounds, sets him on his own beast, and brings him to a place of safety. Can we conceive of a nobler being in God's creation than this Samaritan? Can we conceive of a deed more worthy of heaven's praise, of angels' highest songs than this? This, this is christianity; this is the spirit of Jesus; and O that its blessed influence was more known and felt among us at this day. I would that there were many, very many good Samaritans among us. How much better would it be for mankind; how much better for the cause of pure and undefiled religion. Then would this bitter war of sectarianism that is now making so much division, be finished, and men would learn to love one another, and to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. T. B. T.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION, NO. VI.

And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And behold a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with ointment. Luke vii, 36, 37, 38.

No one can reflect on the above passage of Scripture without being instantly struck with the apparent inconsistencies discoverable in the facts related. If Jesus sat at table in the manner common among us, how could the woman stand *behind* him *at his feet* weeping? His feet must have been under the table, consequently *before* him instead of *behind* him; and she also to have been doing what is recorded of her, must have been under the table. It is said "she *stood* at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head. How could she *stand* and wash his feet and wipe them with the *hairs of her head* if he was sitting? It would have been necessary for her to kneel if not lie down to perform the operation. This can be explained only by a knowledge of the customs of the Hebrews at their meals.

Calmet and Dr. Campbell give a very clear and interesting account of the oriental manner of eating. (See Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. Art. Eating, and Campbell's Prelim. Diss. 8. Part iii, § 6.) It appears that before the time of Moses, the Hebrews sat at their meals, but during the latter ages of the Jewish state, they adopted a custom which they had learned from the Persians and Chaldeans of *reclining* or *lying* when they ate. Matters were commonly ordered thus. Three tables were set together so as to form three sides of a square, perhaps the letter n would give a good idea of this square after being arranged. The middle table or upper end, was the seat of honor and was much coveted by the Pharisees. It will be remembered that our Savior accused them of loving the uppermost places at feasts, (See Matt. xxiii, 6.) The lower part of the table was left open to give access to the servants who waited on the guests, and set and removed the dishes. Against each of these tables to the outer side were placed, not *seats* but *couches* or *beds*. On these couches the guests placed themselves, with their heads towards the table and their feet to the outer edge. Each reclined on his left elbow and of course used his right hand chiefly, that being the only one at liberty. The couches were the same height with the table and raised the occupants about three feet from the floor. Now, taking all these circumstances into consideration, the story of the woman with the alabaster box of ointment appears perfectly consistent. The Savior's feet, being on the *outer extremity of the bed*, were most exposed to any person behind him; and the bed was so high they could very easily be washed by a person standing. When we are acquainted with these customs we can easily understand how the beloved apostle John leaned on the bosom of Jesus at table. As he was next to the Savior by removing the support of his left elbow, his head would naturally rest against his bosom. Dr. Campbell remarks that in every instance in the New Testament, where a person is spoken of as *sitting* at table, the phrase should have been rendered *lying* at table. The expression undoubtedly seems odd to us, but chairs were never used by the ancients, I believe, and those who are familiar with the customs of oriental nations, know, that even now the practice of reclining on divans and cushions at table is still common, and indeed universal among them.

It may seem improbable to some that one hand should have been thought sufficient at table to eat with, but it will be recollected that the use of knives and forks was unknown among the ancient Hebrews. All their food was taken with their fingers. That practice also is at the present day retained in some parts of Syria. Dr. Jowett during his travels in that country, was often disgusted by it. He says, "it was no uncommon thing to see more than five Arab fingers in the same dish at one time." Another traveller in Syria by the name of Niebuhr, giving an account of a dinner which he took with sixteen officers, says, "as soon as ever the dish was set down (a very large wooden dish full of boiled rice,) all the sixteen hands were thrust in at once." "This," he goes on to say, "does not seem so disgusting when we remember that the Mahomedans are very cleanly in their persons, their religion requiring them to wash very often. They are even obliged to keep their nails cut as short as possible that no impurity may collect under them; for they believe their prayers would be without any effect, if there should be the least impurity upon any part of the body. They always wash themselves with soap before eating." C. M. S.

DIED,

In this city on the 29th ult. William, infant and only son of Capt. Rishworth Mason, aged three months.

On the 3d inst. Mary Anne, eldest daughter of James C. Jenkins, aged 4 years and 6 months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favor of "*Plain Truth*" is received. An interview with the writer will be necessary before it will be proper that his article should appear in our columns. In all cases of specific, or personal application of remarks, at least of a reprehensive character, we of course want the name of the writer. Will "Plain Truth," therefore, oblige us by a personal interview immediately. The insertion of his article in our next will be fully in time.

"*Z*" also, whom we acknowledged in our last, will likewise do us the favor of a personal interview. Our reason for this, we doubt not, will be perfectly satisfactory to the individuals.

The excellent sermon of Br. R. O. Williams, will be given next week.

The poetical effusion of "M" will have an insertion in our next.

"T. B. T." will find his article in the present number. His favors will ever be acceptable, and we hope to hear from him often.

FROM THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

THE CHANGE.

By Miss J. H. Kinney.

It was, truly, an affecting scene. An aged man, bowed down with grief and years, had come to pay the last tribute of affection to his youngest, and best beloved child. He had been the father of a large and respectable family, and had endeavoured, with fear and trembling, to imbue their minds with those sound orthodox principles which should keep their feet from the path which tradition told him would lead them to the realms of interminable wo. Some did, indeed, in the season of revivals, realize his highest expectations, by giving evidence of a miraculous change of heart.—But others, alas! others dropped quietly away, with only a meekly expressed hope, that the Ruler of the universe would do with them as he *saw good*. Many were the tears of bitter, uncontrollable anguish which the old man shed over these lost, but still deeply loved ones of his precious flock. One after another they went down to the place "where man must dwell alone," until all, save his youngest son, (a promising young officer in the Naval department,) had become as the clods of the valley. This dutiful child, upon receiving intelligence of his unhappy father's forlorn situation, immediately resigned his commission, and returned home to be a comfort and solace to him in his declining life.—But scarcely had he arrived, before he was seized with the prevailing epedemic, and a few short hours saw him on the verge of the grave. In his last moments he confessed his firm belief in the doctrine of universal salvation, and begged, as a last favor, that one of that order might be permitted to officiate at his funeral.—What could the heart of a parent refuse a dying child? The request was granted; and for the first time in his life, the venerable man found himself amid a congregation of "that sect which is every where spoken against."

For some time he sat apparently absorbed in the contemplation of his sorrows; but when the preacher, with that rich unstudied eloquence, for which the ministers of our order are so much, and so justly celebrated, dwelt upon the unchanging goodness of Jehovah, and shadowed forth his strong unfailing promises, the mourner astonished every one, by rising, and exclaiming, in the language of Scripture, (while a ray of almost preternatural joy lit up his care-worn features,) "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief:" It is unnecessary to add, that he had become a convert to the truths of *rational Christianity*.

The first impressive prayer was o'er, the hymn's last verse was sung,
And solemly its dying notes along the archway rung,
When from his desk the preacher rose, with Heaven's immortal book,
And from among its sacred leaves his holy motto took.

The aged mourner bent above his brave, his youthful dead,
And on his trembling hand reclined his snow-besprinkled head—
A heavy sadness dimmed his brow, his furrowed cheeks were wet,
And mournfully his glances fell upon the pall of jet.

But yet he listened not—nor heard the words which would have poured
A balm within his wounded soul, and peace and hope restored;
He listened not—for prejudice and blinding bigotry
Had steeled his heart, and made him deem God's truth but heresy.

He listened not—his fancy rov'd 'mid scenes of happier years,
Ere yet the grave-grass rank had grown beneath his moistening tears;
When infant voices carrolled forth a happy roundelay,
And all the gloom of Care was chased by Love's glad smiles away.

But, ah! a death-tone mingled in each pleasant household sound,
He saw his cherished ones go forth, in sin's dark fetters bound!
He followed to their dying beds—he heard their parting breath—
All—all unchanged—alas! their doom he thought was endless death!

Oh, bitter were the tears which fell upon the coffin-lid,
And deep the unavailing sigh his pride would fain have hid.
And heavy was the old man's heart that all his hopes were gone,
Covered and sealed in the pale form of his lamented son!

"And tears from all shall flee away"—the mourner gave an ear—
This was the first of *heresy* his pride had deigned to hear;
And though he strove to list no more, he could not help but cling
With fondness to those promises, so deeply comforting.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion's holy hill,
And songs of praise and shouts of joy the heavenly courts shall fill,
And every knee shall bow to God, and every tongue confess
That I, the Lord, their helper am, their strength, their righteousness."

O, sweeter than the welcome sound of streams in Araby,
Was the "still small voice" that softly spoke his captive spirit free!
And bright as those pure rays which fell round Israel's shepherd youth,
Appeared salvation's glorious plan arrayed in Gospel truth.

A change was o'er the old man's heart, a change his looks bespoke—
And the deep stream of wakened hope from his full bosom broke—
His eyes were raised in thankfulness, his words were strong but brief,
"Oh, Lord, I do believe thee now, help thou mine unbelief"

CHRISTIAN KINDNESS.

What a fascinating character is the man of distinguished kindness! He is invested with indescribable loveliness; he may not have the glory in which the hero, the patriot, the martyr is enshrined; but he is adorned in no common degree with the beauties of holiness. He carries about with him the majesty of goodness, if not the dominion of greatness. The light of his countenance is the warm sunshine, to which the spirits of grief repair from their dark retreats, to bask in its glow; and his gentle words are like soft melody to chase away the evil thoughts from the bosom of melancholy, and to hush to peace the troubled reflections of the distempered mind. As he moves along his career, distributing the unexpensive but efficient expressions of his regard, it is amidst the blessings of those that are ready to perish, and the notes of the widow's heart which he has turned to joy. When he comes unexpectedly into a company of his friends every countenance puts on an appearance of complacency, and it seems as if a good genius had come among them to bless the party, as he looks around on the circle with a smile of beneficence that has found an abiding place upon his brow, he presents the brightest resemblance to be found in our selfish world of the entrance of our Savior among his disciples, when he said "Peace be unto you!" and breathed upon them the Holy Ghost. Although he neither seeks nor wishes an equivalent, in return for his many acts of benevolence, his gentle spirit receives back, in a full tide, the stream of consolation which had ebbed from his own heart to fill the empty channels of his neighbor's happiness. Who can be unkind to him, who is so kind to all? What heart is so hard, what mind is so cruel, what spirit is so diabolical as to wound him, who never appears among his race but as a ministering angel? There is a magic in his tears, to melt to sympathy the stubborn soul of cruelty itself, which has a tear for no one else; and no less a magic in his smiles, so far as to relax and soften the hard features of envy, as to reflect for a moment the sunshine of his joy. While he lives, every man is his admirer; and when he dies, every man is his mourner; while he is on earth, his name has a home in every heart; and when he is gone, he has a monument in every memory: and this is the description of his character—the record of praise—LOVE IS KIND.

AMERICAN FEMALES.

To me, woman appears to fill, in America, the very station for which she was designed by heaven. In the lowest conditions of life she is treated with the respect and tenderness that are due to beings whom we believe to be the repositories of the better principles of our nature. Retired within the sacred precincts of her own abode, she is preserved from the destroying taint of excessive intercourse with the world. She makes no bargains beyond those which supply her own little personal wants, and her heart is not early corrupted by the baneful and unfeminine vice of selfishness; she is often the friend and adviser of her husband, but never his chapman. She must be sought in the haunts of her domestic privacy, and not amidst the wranglings, deceptions, and heart burnings of keen and sordid traffic. So true and general is this fact, that I have remarked a vast proportion of that class who frequent the markets, or vend trifles in the streets—occupations that are not unsuited to the feebleness of the sex—are either foreigners, or females descended from certain insulated colonies of the Dutch, who still retain many of the habits of their ancestors amidst the improvements that are throwing them among the forgotten usages of another century. The effect of this division of employment is in itself enough to produce an impression on the characters of a whole people. It leaves the heart and principles of woman untainted by the dire temptations of strife with her fellows. The husband can retire from his own sordid struggles with the world to seek consolation and correction from one who is placed beyond their influence. The first impressions of the child are drawn from the purest sources known to our nature; and the son, even long after he has been compelled to enter on the thorny track of the father, preserves the memorial of the pure and unalloyed lessons that he has received from the lips, and, what is far better, from the example of the mother.—*Cooper*.

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